Behold Two Crafty Iesuits fighting,
Only to draw a Zealous Knight in.

Whom striving to apease their brangle,
That weak Old man does basely strangle.

See how they veiw him with delight,
Whilst Ladys dance and Pispot spright.

By watchful sentrie th'are not seen,
For th'Devil thrusts his Paw between.

Tis strange though how his joynts are bended,
In Chair; and then againe extended.

Our Townes They burn our goods they plunder,
By such sly tricks, twill make you wonder.

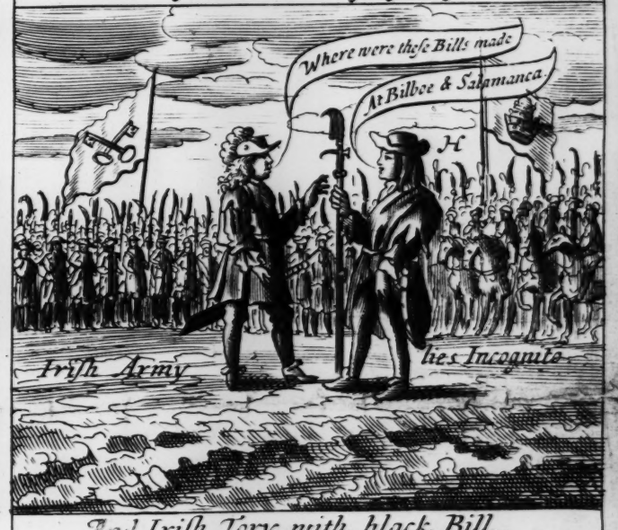
Youl wonder more how they durst venture,
For killing King, to signe Indenture.

Behold their Generall, a stout Tory.
Peters ayme was only Glory.

Powis might hope to mend his fortune,
What Staffords end was, we are certain.

Their Chancelor nere studied Law,
Their Major General Campe nere saw.

The pious Pilgrims inclination,
Was to pervert, and doun this Nation.



And Irish Tory with black Bill,
Would kill us all; if we sit still.

A True Narrative of the Horrid Hellish Popish-Plot.

To the Tune of PACKINGTON'S POUND, The First Part.

Authors Quoted.

(1) *Hill.* Tryal, pag. 16.
(2) *viz.* 4 Times, p. 18. 16.
(3) See the same Try. p. 18.
(4) The same, pag. 31.
(5) The same, pag. 69.
(6) The same Tryal, p. 20.
(7) The same, pag. 35.
(8) Ibid. (9) Ibid.
(10) See the Coroners Inquest.
(11) See Dr. *Oates*'s Narrative page 22.
(12) Ibid.
(13) See the Piller near *London* Bridge.
(14) Read *Bedloes* Narrative.
(15) See Dr. *Oates*'s Narrat. page 68.
(16) See *Ireland*'s Tryal, page 19.
(17) Ibid. (18) Ibid.
(19) The same Tryal, pag. 26
(20) The same, page 20.
(21) See Dr. *Oates*'s Narrat. page 21.
(22) The same, Narrat. p. 47.
(23) See *Pickerings* Tryal, page 23.
(24) See St. *Omers* Certificate
(25) See Jesuits Tryal, p. 47.
(26) See Dr. *Oates*'s Narrative, p. 58.
(27) Ibid. (28) Ibid.
(29) Ibid. (30) Ibid.
(31) Ibid. (32) Ibid
(33) See Lords Journal and *Langhorns* Tryal, page 20.
(34) Ibid
(35) See Lords Journal, p. 54.
(36) See *Colemans* Tryal, p. 23.
(37) See Lords Journal and *Langhorns* Tryal, as above.

The Contents of the FIRST PART.

How Sir Godfrey *is Kill'd, his Body they hide,*
Which brought out in Chair, *a* Horse-back *do's ride:*
How Jesuits *disguis'd, our* Houses *do Fire;*
How subtly they Plot, and King's *Death Conspire;*
Of divers Great Lords drawn in, to their Bane;
An Army of Irish, *and Pilgrims from* Spain.

I.

GOod People I pray you give ear unto me,
A Story so strange you have never been told,
How the *Jesuit*, *Devil*, and *POPE* did agree,
Our *STATE* to destroy, and *Religion* so old.
To *murder* our *KING*,
A most Horrible Thing!
But first of Sir *Godfrey* his Death I must sing;
For how e're they disguise it, we clearly can see,
Who Murder'd that Knight no good *Christian* could be.
The truth of my Story if any man doubt,
W' have Witnesses ready to Swear it all out.

II.

AT *Somerset-house* there is plain to be seen,
A *Gate* which will lead you into the *Back-Court*,
This (1) *Place* for the *Murder* most fitting did seem,
For thither much People does freely resort:
His *Body* they toss'd,
From Pillar to Post,
And shifted (2) *so often*, 't had like t'have been lost;
To watch with (3) *Dark Lanthorn* the *Jesuits* did go,
But never mistrusted our Honest (4) *Bedloe*.
The Truth of my Story, &c.

III.

LEast such close Contrivements at length might take Air,
When as his dead *Body* corrupted did grow,
They carried him out in (5) *Invisible Chair*,
And set him a (6) *Horseback* to ride at *So-Hoe*.
His *own* (7) *Sword* to the Hilt,
To add to their Guilt,
They *thrust* through his *Body*, but no *Blood* was (8) *spilt*;
T'have it thought he was kill'd by a *Thief*, they did mean,
So they left (9) *all his Money*, and made his (10) *Shooes clean*.
The truth of my Story, &c.

IV.

TO shew now th' excess of *Jesuitical Rage*,
They this *Loyal City* to ruine would bring,
'Cause you *Citizens* are so *Religious and sage*,
And ever much noted for *true* to your *King*;
T' your *Houses* they go,
With (11) *Fire* and with *Tow*,
Then (12) *pilfer your Goods*, and 'tis well you scape so;
Y'have seen how they once set the *Town* (13) all in *flame*;
And divers times since have attempted the same.
The truth of my Story, &c.

V.

BY (14) *Bedlo's Narration* is shewn you most clear,
How *Jesuits* disguis'd into Houses will creep;
In a *Porter* or *Carman's* (15) Frock they'l appear,
Nay they will not disdain to cry *Chimney-sweep*;
Or sell you *Small-Cole*,
Then drop in *some hole*
A *Fire Ball*, or thrust it up by a *long Pole*;
But I now must relate a more Tragical thing,
How these *Villains* conspir'd to *murder* our *King*,
The truth of my Story, &c.

VI.

ATthe (16) *White-horse* in *April* there was a *Consult*,
Where *Jesuits* a (17) *Covenant* wickedly frame;
The (18) *Death* of our *Sovereign* was the Result,
To th' which at least (19) *Forty* all signed their name,
They wou'd not do that,
I' th' place where they sat,
Trusty *Oates must* (21) *convey it*, from this man to that;
To make sure work, *by* (21) *Poyson* the Deed must be don e
And *Stab'd* with *a* (22) *Dagger*, and (23) *Shot with a Gun*.
The truth of my Story, &c.

VII.

FOr fear at St. *Omers*, their *Oates* might be miss'd,
Th' agreed with a *Devil* t' appear in his place.
In a Body of Air, believe't if you list,
Which squeek'd just like *Oats*, and mov'd with the same grace;
'T cou'd Lie, it cou'd Cant,
Turn eyes like a Saint.
And of our great *Doctor* no feature did want.
Thus Forty might *Swear* they (24) saw *Oates* ev'ry day,
But true *Oates* was here, and the *Devil* saw they.
The truth of my Story, &c.

VIII.

FRom *Father Oliva* (26) *Commissions* did come,
To raise a *great Army* much Treasure is spent:
Th' *Old Man* was resolved to take Post from *Rome*,
To rise at the Head of them was his intent;
Lord (27) *Bellas'* was fit,
Who can deny it,
To Command in his place, When's *Gout* wou'd permit;
Lord (28) *Stafford* was fittest to trust with their Pay,
Old (29) *Ratcliff* to range them in Battel Array.
The Truth of my Story if any man doubt,
W' have Witnesses ready to Swear it all out.

IX.

TH' *High-Treasurer's* place the *Lord* (30) *Powis* did please,
Men of *desp'rate Fortune* oft venture too far;
Lord (31) *Peters* wou'd hazard *Estate*, and his *Ease*,
And *Life* for the *Pope* too, in this Holy War;
Lord Ar'ndel of Old,
So Warlike and bold,
Made choice of a (32) *Chancellor's Gown* we are told.
All these did Conspire with the *Lord Castlemaine*,
Whose *Plot* was to catch his old *Dutchess* again.
The truth of my Story if any man doubt,
W' have Witnesses ready to Swear it all out.

X.

GReat store of wild (33) *Irish* both civil and wise,
Designed to joyn with the (34) *Pilgrims of Spain*,
Thirty (35) Thousand being *ready* there all in good guise,
Had *vow'd* a long *Pilgrimage* over the *Main*.
To arm well this Host,
When 't came on our Cost,
(36) *Black Bills forty thousand*, are sent by the Post;
This (37) *Army* lay private'y on the *Sea Shore*;
And no man e're heard of them since nor before.
The truth of my Story if any man doubt,
W' have Witnesses ready to Swear it all out.

My Witnesses I bring, and produce the Record,
D'ye think th' are Perjur'd? 'Tis false and absur'd,
Wou'd th' Godly hang Papists for Interest or Pique?
Wou'd a Doctor Swear false for Ten Pound *a Week?*

FINIS.

Some Notes on the Pictures to prevent Popish Cavils.

A. Read *Greens* Tryal, page 16 and 17.

B. This is the famous Spright with the Chamber-pot, which did as certainly appear to the Popish Ladies, when they danc'd about the Body, as 'tis certain, it did afterwards appear to some *True Protestant* Ladies in the same place.

C. *Hem*, was the watch-word to *Berry* to open the Gate. See his Tryal, page 19.

D. and E. We may well suppose, the Devil help'd them when they pass'd invisible so close by the Centry: and we may be more assured, they could not without some Diabolical Art make him (after so many days being dead) bend his Legs to sit in the Chair, and then to stretch them out stiff again, as he was found on *Primrose-Hill*.

F. The Jesuits most ingenious Game of Trap, which to understand you must read *Bedloes* Narrative of the Fires, p. 16. and 17. Read it throughout: 'Twill shew you plainly, how the Papists burnt *London*; or if you desire to be confirm'd in so necessary a belief by an undenjable Authority, read the new Inscription on the *Monument*, and that on the house in *Pudding-Lane*, which were purposely design'd to convince all the World of this Truth, and safely to convey it to Posterity.

G. See *Langhorns* Memoires, and *I. C. J.* Answer to *Bedloes* Articles.

H. The Dr. does not tell us, where these forty thousand Bills were made; but our reason tells us, that 'twas very necessary they should be hammered as privately as possible (for fear of Discovery) and therefore *Bilboe* and *Salamanca*, may pass far more probable than *London* or any Town in *England*.